

Montreal, March 30, 1899

McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. I.

No. 24

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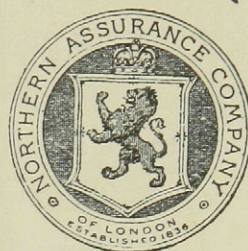
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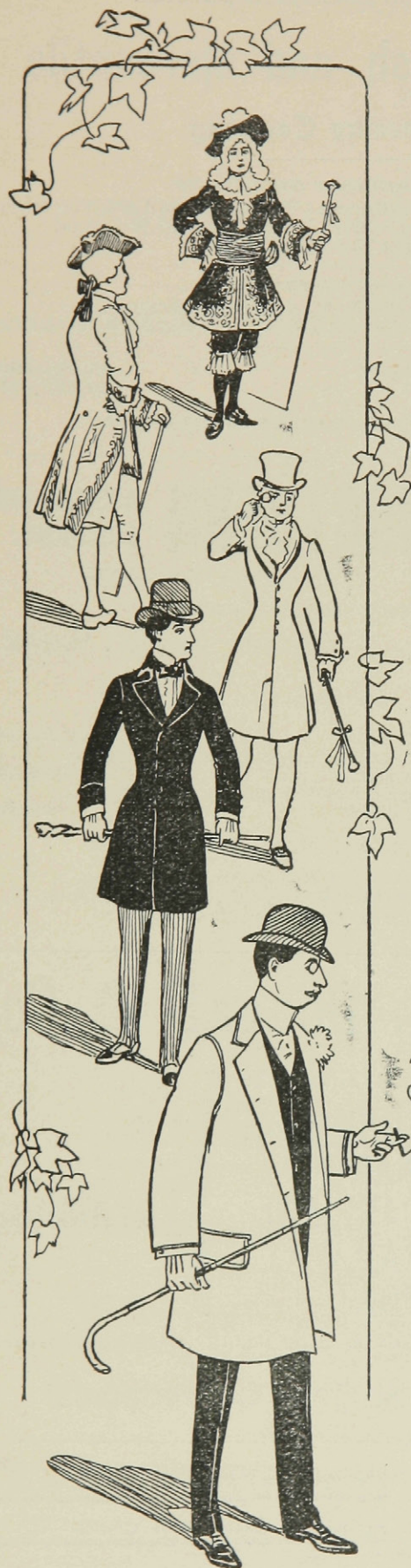
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MONTREAL, MARCH 30, 1899.

No. 24

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Editorial.

NOW that we have arrived at the last issue of the OUTLOOK, we can gaze backward with pleasure on the six months during which period our editorial duties formed a delightful portion of the College work. Yet in the midst of this retrospect we can hardly help reflecting that our College paper might have been better in many ways, our contributions more numerous, and our jokes not so few and far between. But it can fairly be said that these shortcomings would have been rectified if, conscientiously, we could have spent more time in the production of the different issues and less in study. As Final Year students, it is very hard to do that, especially when so many of us are taking only professional courses where particularly does success in after life depend upon the amount of knowledge gained in College.

ON the whole it seems that a weekly has proved more suitable in many respects than a fortnightly paper. The greatest shortcoming, we confess, has been in the con-

tributions. We hope that the next session will produce better results in this respect. Every student ought to try and write something for his paper, and to do all in his power to further the interests of it. It is suggested that the appointment of a Sporting Editor, who will keep the paper supplied with the athletic news to which the city papers are so largely devoted, would be a good change. He ought to be appointed officially by the Athletic Association. There should also be a representative from the Graduates' Society, to maintain the interest between alumni and undergraduates. It is claimed that too much space is given to Class Reports and Societies;—it is true that these are often very long in proportion to their merit. But they are what the average student is keenly interested in, and, as the paper is conducted for the students primarily, it has had to grin and bear the disparaging remarks of outsiders.

Contributions.

MARIE DE FRANCE.

Looking back into the centuries, the first name that appears among women French writers is that of Marie de France. Her life is wrapped in the greatest obscurity, and even in her works there are no autobiographic touches. A Frenchwoman, as one can see by her surname, born probably at the beginning of the XIII. Century, she took up her residence in England, and wrote under the patronage of Henry III. of that country. She occupies a distinguished place among the Anglo Norman poets, and her work has been so highly commended that she has sometimes been called the Sappho of her century. A learned woman, who seems to have been equally versed in Latin literature; to this is due her elevated style. In reading her works one is struck by her vivacity, great tact and discernment; the chivalric romances of the ancient Gauls and Bretons seem to have furnished her with subjects, and, owing to her marvellous memory, she was enabled to reproduce in verse the stories which she had heard in childhood. In her *Lays*, the work for which she is most noted, Marie tells in French verse of gallant adventures which happened to valliant knights, and, according to the custom of those times, they are remarkable for the recitation of singular catastrophies. They are "delightful and genuinely poetic narrative poems," about fourteen in number, for the most part amatory in character. In the *Lai du Laustic* (Lay of the Nightingale), a knight comes every evening to visit his lady-love, who awaits him at her latticed window; she has an old husband who becomes uneasy at her doings, and asks an explanation of her conduct; she answers that she goes to hear the song of the nightingale, and so her husband causes the sweet singer to be immediately killed. The lady sends the little body of the dead bird to her friend, who treasures it in a golden box. So ends the Lay. A mere sketch, but one which shows the feelings of the times. For us one of the chief interests in her writings is that she was one of the first who treated in poet form the legends of the Round Table. An example of one of her poems dealing with the author's story is the *Lai du Chevre Feuille* (Lay of the Honeysuckle). Tristan, banished from the court of King Mark, learns that the beautiful Yseult, the wife of his uncle, King Mark, is to pass through the forest, where Tristan is living in solitude. He lays in the path of the Queen

the branch of a hazel tree which he broke in two parts, and on each part inscribed his name, placing them at a short distance from each other in the hope that one or other might catch the Queen's eye. If she should see his name she would surely stop and seek him out, guessing that he would be awaiting her near at hand.

Impatiently waiting for the Queen's arrival he spends his time in meditation, and compares himself and Yseult to a tree, at the foot of which is planted a honeysuckle which entwines itself about the tree, until it appears as though nothing could separate them. If the tree should die the honeysuckle would perish with it. So he feels it is with Yseult and his love for her—they cannot live apart, and her absence will finally cause his death.

The Queen mounted on a palfrey at last reaches the wood, and the branch of hazel does attract her notice, and she sees her beloved Tristan's name. But how to steal away from her suite is the problem that troubles her. She causes her cortege to halt, under pretext of resting and enjoying the fine scenery. She wanders away from the suite with her trusted Brangien, and soon finds Tristan, for whom she promises to obtain a prompt return to the court and again receive favors at the hands of King Mark. She then continues her journey, leaving Tristan so overjoyed at the thought of returning to court and again living near her that he is moved to write a Lay, which he called the "Lay of the Honeysuckle."

The "Loup-garou" or man-wolf of whom we hear in our Canadian legends, takes a prominent place in Marie's "*Lai du Bisclaveret*." Marie speaks of how in olden times men were frequently transformed into loup-garous, which she describes as fierce beasts, who inhabit the forests; they rage about, and in great states of ferocity these beasts devour human beings, and are the source of much trouble. Suddenly this generalizing breaks off, and she asks her readers to listen to her story of *Bisclaveret*, a noble seigneur of Brittany, a noble knight, the favourite of his prince, and beloved by all his neighbours. He was married to a lady of high rank, and they lived happily together, but there was one cause of trouble. Every week he disappeared for three days, and neither his wife nor his friends were able to find out whither he went. At last by flatteries and caresses she wiled his secret from him. He tells her how he becomes a "loup-garou," and lives on herbs and roots in the

thickest part of the forest. If anyone should discover and steal his clothes during the time he is a "loup-garou," he was destined to remain a man-wolf until they should return to him. He unwittingly tells his wife the whole secret; she, terrified at the revelation of her husband, immediately decides to leave him, and easily persuades a knight to take away Bisclaveret's garments from the supposed safe place of hiding.

The King's hounds having been let loose in the wood where Bisclaveret lived, tracked him and he received many wounds. Seeing the King approach, Bisclaveret, still a man-wolf, went towards him. The King in fear retired, but seeing that the animal apparently had a man's intelligence, he drew near with his suite to look upon this wonder. At the command of the King, Bisclaveret was taken to the château, where during the day he was kept with the knights, and in the evening passed to the King's own chamber.

Once when the King was holding his court the knight who had married Bisclaveret's wife arrived; immediately the *loup-garou*, hitherto gentle, became fierce, and sprang at the newly arrived knight. No one doubted that the *loup-garou* by this sudden fierceness meant to revenge some wrong. At the advice of a sage the King imprisoned the knight and his wife in order to find out why Bisclaveret manifested his fierceness towards them and towards no one else. The lady confessed how she had betrayed her husband, and by returning his clothes to him, he was soon restored from his state of *loup-garou* and given back his lands as well as costly presents.

Demys Pyramus, an Anglo-Norman poet and a contemporary of Marie, speaks of her work as being highly esteemed.

Marie considered that a poet's satisfaction should consist in the care and correctness of one's work; she was over careful, and this leads sometimes to a certain dryness of diction, and frequently one feels the obscurity of her style, as she leaves the details only half explained, but almost always ends each "Lai" or "Fable" with a wordy morality.

The "Lays" give us a splendid picture of the manners and customs of her Century; her descriptions are faithful and amusing, and her simple and natural style is most attractive—her work speaks rather to the heart than to the mind.

At the request of Count William, Marie translated Aesop's "Fables" into French verse—about one hundred—one can easily see that this work was done by a mind which penetrated the secrets of the human heart and by one who

possessed superior reason. The *naïvete* of her style interests one, and one's admiration is aroused by the delicate justice of her moral reflections.

In gathering together this somewhat desultory information about Marie de France, I have been confronted with an unexpected difficulty—that of getting facts about the lady. It has coupled itself in my mind with a similar case, in a book which has become historic because of "Punch's" recent appropriation of its illustrations for its own political caricatures. I mean "Animal Land, where there aren't any people." Despite the apparent incongruity of the parallel, the description of one monster links itself with the memory of Marie, the fair queen of poesy, for underneath the page which the Temabunk Adonis is written:—"The Temabunk—nothing known about this animal."

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT.

BY WILLIAM S. WALKLEY.

And now the *Evening Herald* was about to go to press. The telegraphic plate was "chopped," and all the forms locked except pages 1 and 2. The business manager went to the slide in answer to a shrill whistle.

"How about Pillshot's patent 'ad.'?" came up from below.

"Kill it," he replied: "No pay since the flood."

"But it's contract, you know," was the reply.

"Contract be hanged; it's been smashed so often a shyster couldn't find action for either side in an Oklahoma court," he raged; "kill it—dead." He flopped back into a seat and swabbed the beaded moisture from his brow as he wearily began to "pad" the "pony" telegraphic service.

It was one of those fearful days in early June, when the news, or rather the lack of news, from Santiago painted thick gloom on the faces of the people; when the nation, with bated breath, haunted bulletin boards; when strong men looked away as they answered women's tearful demand to know the worst.

Apprehension stalked everywhere, especially in western Massachusetts. The meagre news of San Juan and El Caney was unsatisfactory. The Second Massachusetts Regiment was under fire, and had suffered—God only knew how much; the local militia company was there with the Second, too. Washington was helpless, and could give no information in answer to the editor's frantic appeals by wire.

"The Department knows nothing officially. We are relying on the press," was the maddening answer. It was true. The press was making a new record for enterprise and efficiency.

The editor looked up from the thumb-marked map of Cuba, one finger rested on Siboney.

"Anything new from the front, Harmsley?" he asked the manager.

"Second Massachusetts lost one man at Caney," came the answer: "nobody seems to be sure of anything though. The officials are all at sea, and Washington is as helpless as though we had never heard of a war before."

"No? lost a man, eh? Not bad. That let's the boys off pretty easy, don't it. Bad business though; Shafter's a poor thing and those Dons may give him a good run for his money yet. Wonder who the poor cuss was? Guess we'll give 'em a short editorial on their gallant action," the editor continued as he sat down and banged the typewriter.

"Wonder why 'Cap' Alden doesn't send a cable," thought the manager; said he would after every row; too busy and upset, maybe."

He had a brother down there in the cursed mix-up. War was no glorified picnic to him—it was a personal affair. It was different with the editor; to him the campaign was merely a journalistic episode—purely impersonal; it was a good thing for the 'pape,' that was all.

"How's this, old man?" said the chief, pushing back from the machine. Then he read what would appear in the paper as follows:

"The news from Santiago to-day is much more encouraging than at any time during the past few days.

"The enemy is dazed under the bewildering tactics of our troops, and the moral victory thus won presages the speedy downfall of the beleaguered city. The traditional superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races is once more manifest.

"We again witness the sons of the old Bay State achieving new laurels on the field of battle in defence of Old Glory. We are proud of our boys. The men of the Second Massachusetts have proved themselves as true as steel, as courageous as lions under the fierce hail of Spanish bullets. They are worthy successors of their patriotic ancestry. But the victory was not without its price; the Second has offered up one martyr in the cause of humanity, but the loss is trifling—almost insignificant—in comparison with the glorious total of results."

"That covers the situation up to date," he said as he finished. "Its optimistic I know; but we've got to keep the people cheerful—it's

the duty of the press in times like these. Lord knows, everybody is funereal enough without our howling calamity. We've simply *got* to be cheerful."

While he was speaking, a messenger entered and handed the manager a press telegram. "That's the last," he said.

The manager swung around to his desk and tore open the envelope. When the editor looked that way again his subordinate sat bolt upright and haggard, staring at a sheet of yellow paper with unseeing eyes.

"Poor devil! heat's too much for him," thought the editor. "What's the matter, old fellow?" he asked; "head all awlirl? Beastly hot! Better have something cold."

The manager held out the sheet and bowed his stony face in his hands. The message contained these words:

"Add battle. Unknown soldier Second Mass. reported killed at Caney is Private Abner M. Harmsley, Co. X. Shot in face." "30."

"Good God!" ejaculated the editor. Then he walked across the room and placed his hands on the shoulders of the younger man, with a gentle, almost womanly caress.

"Harmsley, old fellow," he said softly, "you don't think this can be your brother—not Abner, do you?"

The other nodded.

"Why, it can't be. There must have been some awful mistake—some other man of the same name, you know; or he may have been only wounded and reported dead. That's it—the later despatches will deny it; they must deny it," he concluded fiercely, seeing the other's stricken face.

The manager raised his lack-lustre eyes—they revealed the utter depths of despair—and, shaking his head wearily, pointed hopelessly to the "30" at the end of the message.

"The Press Association's code 'finis,'" he said superstitiously. "There is no escaping that, you know, Chief," he added with a tired, sad smile. "Poor Ab is gone, and I am—." He broke into convulsive sobs, and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his emotion. The editor looked at him helplessly. The full meaning of war and its horrible barbarity suddenly burst upon him as in a flash.

"Ye gods," he muttered, "I never knew what war was—until now. And this is but a single instance. It's damnable." He shuddered as he thought of the thousands upon thousands of anxious ones trembling throughout the length and breadth of the land. The whistle blew furiously and the foreman yelled up the slide:

"What are you doing up there? All asleep? Time to lock up everything. Hustle."

"Kill that editorial I just sent down, Jim, and hold the forms for a few minutes. We've bad news from this hell-begotten war. Keep a machine clear for this 'ed'—only a short one."

The Editor turned to the typewriter and worked feverishly, but the words flowed thickly from the keys. The nonchalance of his former creation was wanting. War was no longer an impersonal thing—a mere journalistic episode which meant "copy"; it was real, horrible, ghastly, intensely personal after all. It was Death, Martyrdom and Sorrow. The personal element was asserting itself. He wrote as follows:

"It is with the keenest personal sorrow that to-day we are called upon to chronicle the death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Abner M. Harmsley—our first martyr of the Spanish war—killed with his face to the foe at bloody El Caney. The tragic end of this young hero will shadow with sadness all our homes. The sympathy of the community will go out to the

stricken brother; we share with him the bitterness of poignant grief. The Nation called him, and he went to do his duty unhesitatingly, eagerly, blithely. He counted not the cost, and yielded up his young life in sacrifice that a people might live in the fullness of peace, free from the yoke of cruel tyranny. Abner Harmsley was typically representative of those sterling attributes of American manhood, those attributes which make martyrs and heroes on the battlefields of war and peace, and form the safeguard of our glorious Republic.

"To the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!"

"Run that with a black border," he called down the slide, in a hushed voice; put it through in a hurry. And say, Jim, can't you fellows stop making so much noise? and quit laughing—Harmsley's brother is killed, you know."

Then the paper went sorrowfully to press.—
New York Truth.

Societies.

REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The last meeting of the Y. W. C. A., held Friday, March 24, was held by Miss Armstrong; several of the Fourth Year girls spoke. Miss Derrick read a paper, which Mrs. Reid, a missionary in Africa, and a former graduate of McGill, had sent to be read to the Alumnæ.

FOOTBALL.

The cup, presented to the Canadian Intercollegiate Football Union by Dr. H. B. Yates, is at present on view in the Messrs. Birks' window. It is a very handsome piece of work, and consists of a solid silver punch bowl on an ebony stand. On one side is an engraving of one of the football games on the McGill campus, and on the other a suitable inscription. We trust that the students will unite next football season to try and win the cup for our own Alma Mater, and thus help to make another link in the chain uniting our Canadian universities.

OTTAWA VALLEY GRADUATES.

At the tenth Annual Meeting of the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society of McGill University, held at Ottawa the 3rd Monday in February, there was a goodly attendance of members and a rousing interest manifested by all present. Amongst those present were:—Dr. R. W. Ells, President in the Chair—Dr. F. D. Adams, Representative Fellow in Applied

Science Faculty; Dr. Cousens, R. H. Conroy, B. C. L.; Dr. Quirk (Aylmer), Mr. J. H. Larmouth, Mr. A. E. Barlow, M.A.; Mr. W. Bell Dawson, M.A.Sc.; Mr. D. B. Dowling, B.A.Sc.; Mr. M. F. Connor, B.A.Sc.; M. T. Fred Kenny, B.A.Sc.; Mr. G. C. Wright, B.A., B.C.L., and Dr. H. M. Ami.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Dowling read the minutes of the last Annual Meeting and recorded items for present meeting. Dr. Ells presented the Annual Statement of Society's progress and was pleased to notice continued interest etc., in University affairs. Dr. Adams was next called upon. He gave a most interesting digest of the progress at McGill during the past year; additions to staff in all branches, increased usefulness and efficiency in all the Faculties, uniformity in dates of meetings and examinations for matriculation.

Dr. Adams told more of the great benefactions received during the past year from Sir William Macdonald, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and the governors of the University.

The equipment and work done in new Chemical Laboratories and School of Mining were specially described and shown that McGill is the foremost Mining School in America. It has the best equipment and largest number of students on this continent. We have every reason to be proud of our Alma Mater, and prospects were bright for the future. The energy and tact displayed by Principal Peterson is bringing into the affairs of the University more system and greater uniformity so as to render the administration as simple and easy as possible.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows :—

Hon. President.—Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D., etc., etc.

President.—W. C. Cousens, M.D., C.M.

Vice-Presidents.—Geo. C. Wright, B.A., B.C.L., A. E. Barlow, M.A., R. L. Quirk, M.D., C.M.

Secretary.—H. M. Ami, M.A., D.Sc.

Treasurer.—J. H. Larmonth, B.A.Sc.

Council.—R. H. Conroy, B.C.L., R. W. Ells, LL.D., D. B. Dowling, B.A.Sc., M. F. Connor, B.A.Sc., W. Bell Dawson, M.A.Sc.

Auditors.—T. Fred Kenny and M. F. Connor.

Dr. Ami then read a communication from Mr. R. B. Rogers, of Peterborough, Ont., where the Graduates of McGill are at present organizing into a Society. He emphasized the fact that had been announced a short time previous—that all the Graduates of the University were now enfranchised—

had a right to vote for representative fellows. The post-graduate qualifying fee was abolished, McGill Graduates residing in Ontario, by dint of peculiar legislation in that province, were practically debarred from everything, and he was pleased to announce that steps were being taken by the University to remove the existing disability to which McGill men are subjected in Ontario. The Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society had done its best in years past to seek enfranchisement for McGill Graduates throughout the world, and we were now delighted at the accomplished fact reported.

The question of the Annual Dinner was discussed, and a committee, consisting of the President, Treasurer and Secretary, was appointed to look into the matter and report to the Executive at a meeting soon to be held.

The Society purposes holding its dinner on or about 20th of April.

Exchanges.

A TEST OF TASTES.

New York Times.

Experiments recently performed at the University of Iowa give reason for believing that most so-called sensations of taste are little more than combinations of reports to the brain made by the nerves of sight, smell and touch. Of a large number of persons tested, few could distinguish, when their eyes were covered and their noses closed, between weak solutions of tea, coffee and quinine, and even those who were most successful made frequent and ludicrous mistakes. Still greater difficulty was found in discrimination by means of the unaided tongue between meats as unlike as pork and turkey, especially when the meat was first finely divided. The experiments indicated that there are at most only four real taste sensations, namely, sour, sweet, bitter and salt, and it is doubtful if there are more than two—sweet and bitter. This may suggest to folks of frugal mind that a lot of money might be saved by going to table blind-folded and with nose put temporarily out of commission by the application of a convenient clothespin. One could then call *viands* and liquids whatever one chose, and the bills of the grocer, the butcher and the wineseller could be materially reduced by the employment of a judicious imagination. In the course of the Iowa tests a woman who is of great local repute as a cook made the following judgments: Raw potato chopped she called acorns, boiled pumpkin she said was something sweet and flat, fresh pear she called sweet berry, slightly fermented; roast pork she called boiled beef, raw turnip chopped, she called cabbage sweetened, raw apple was grape juice; roast turkey was called beef, and horseradish she said was something she had never tasted.

The University of St. Andrew's was founded in 1411; Glasgow, 1450-51; Aberdeen, 1494-95; Edinburgh, 1583.—*Queen's Univ. Journal.*

HIDDEN TREASURE.

A French soldier, who accompanied the armies of Russia, concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna, with a view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made prisoner, and sent to Siberia; he only recovered his liberty after fourteen years. On reaching Wilna, he remembered his hidden treasure; and after tracing out the spot where he had hid it, he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find in the place of his money a small tin box containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nancy, where he might receive the sum buried, with interest since the year 1812. The soldier supposed this was all a hoax. He went, however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital, with twelve years' interest. With this sum, he established a small business at Nancy, which enabled him to live comfortably; but, in spite of infinite pains, he could never discover how his money was taken away and restored to him.

Wearry Waggles—"Yes, mum, me and my brother were twins. We loved each other, and we always went together, and one day he went swimming instead of going to school, and I had to go along I was so attached to him. But, alas, mum, my brother was drowned, and I was left alone. I went home and my mother took me for my brother and called: 'Well, James, where is Harry?' And when my father saw me he cried: 'Harry, where is James?' I did not know what to do. I was in a fix. Now I would have to do James' work for my mother, and Harry's work for my father. And then to think of the wrangling between mother and father; that was too much for me. I left home, and so I have tramped and tramped, and here I am." He received a dinner.

Last month the annual Conference of the Scotch Universities was held at Edinburgh, at which dele-

gates from Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews and Edinburgh were present. In the report of the proceedings it is interesting to note the following:—"Aberdeen reported that the students in Arts had been compelled to wear cap and gown; also complained that Saturday examinations were a thorn in the flesh, which the Council was laboring to extract. St. Andrew's suggestion, that Presbytery examinations be abolished, received unanimous support. Edinburgh advised colonial social residences, and this scheme was approved."

The Scotch Universities seem bound to have the Presbytery examination abolished. The reasons given are: (1) It is a farce, and it is ridiculously burdensome; (2) it is held a week or two before M.A. and B.D. exams., thus spoiling the candidate's chance of his degree; (3) the examiners are in many cases quite incompetent men, or, in a University editor's words, "a man who has got into a fat Church and has faint reminiscences of Hebrew and Greek, has the hardihood and cruelty to pluck and ruin for a whole year a man fresh from these subjects and with a far better record than his own;" (4) the class certificate of the professor should be accepted as a guarantee of scholarship.

SCENE—BAZAAR (Stall No. —).—*Student*—What's the price of this, miss?

Miss—Fifteen shillings, sir.

Student—Don't you think you're a little dear?

Miss—That's what all the gentlemen say sir.

Notwithstanding the quickness with which the people of the United States adapt themselves to flashy things, yet they express amazement at Queen's sombre colors. Here is what a Pittsburg, Pa., newspaper says in commenting on the recent trip of our hockey team to that city: "The visitors presented a rather odd appearance, because their skating costume contains such a combination of colors as to make the players look like animated sticks of candy or skating barber poles."

Next year will certainly see great changes if present reports are true. The colleges on the Pacific coast are not to be out-done by those of the Middle West in their frantic endeavors to get games with the institutions of the East: An eleven, composed of the best graduate players of California and Stanford Universities, will visit the East for the purpose of meeting one or all of the "Big Four"—Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania.

The authorities of Yale have gained their suit in the courts to exempt all the University property from taxation. A similar test is being made by Harvard.

According to statistics, in Germany one man in 223 goes to College; in Scotland, one in 250; in the United States, one in 2,000; in England, one in 5,000.

Class Reports.

DONALDAS.

We wish every one a fond farewell for the session and great success in the April exams. The Seniors are wearing very anxious faces, wishing they were Freshies again, when "it did not matter much if you were plucked." '99 was always a hard-working year, with the exception of Texas and one or two others who had a genius for sloping lectures. But, now grim terror fills us all; exams. begin this week; we won't be able to read the magazines, much less borrow our neighbour's OUTLOOK. We wear a cadaverous frown in the Library. We discuss the respective merits of "strong tea" and "wet towel." We enquire the prices of tonics. We wear our *own* gowns, mirabile dictu! We are keeping track of them for exams. We have lost our interest in proofs. Mr. Notman has no more requests "to take us again." We are in a hurry all the time; we have no more time to write this, much less time to read it afterwards. Time! Farewell! Farewell!

ARTS.

FOURTH YEAR.

At last the existence of '99, so far as the OUTLOOK is concerned, has come to an end, and this Reporter unable to express the feelings of the men,

leaves them, with our farewell for the genius of the Valedictorian to accomplish.

In taking our place for the last time in these columns, we naturally glance back into the past and recall the verdancy of our Freshman Year, when we looked with awe on the intelligence of '96' and '97' and the actions of '98'. Our progress as Sophomores has not been recorded in writing. "Swelled head" was rampant in our ranks. Actions then counted for everything, learning for very little, and to culminate all things the spring saw a great reduction in our numbers. Passing over our Junior and Senior Years, we find that very much might be said of the hindrances and helps by the way of the successes attained, the difficulties overcome and the unity of class feeling that has continually grown. Time has sped all too quickly, and to-day we can already scent the breezes of the baccalaureate land. One more ordeal alone awaits us, but conscientious work with ordinary intelligence and experience will carry us through.

"All good things must have an end." Still let us hope that what we have done while here may increase and shed a benign influence over the future of our *Alma Mater*. May the aspirations and thoughts awakened and the principles here inculcated follow us in whatever calling we may endeavor to fill so that posterity when looking up our record as a Class or

as individuals may say: "Here was a year." Farewell.

It is expected that every man of the Year will be present at our graduating dinner on the evening of the 27th, as this is the last time we shall meet together as a class.

The arrangements for Class Day are progressing favorably. Since this has been undertaken by the students of the graduating years, it remains for students in other years and friends of the University to patronize it as largely as possible to insure its success in every way.

THIRD YEAR.

THE MEETING OF THE SHADES.

(The end of the session having arrived, inspired by the reading of that delightful book, "A Houseboat on the Styx," I have determined in view of the large number of men in our Year who think themselves fit for the office of president in the Fourth Year to write a short sketch on that subject. The shades who represent some of the members of our Class (their Christian names showing their identity) have a character composed of the characters of the historical personages and of our esteemed classmates).

Any one passing through the rooms of the Shades on that eventful morning would have noticed a card with the following words printed upon it in red ink:—

Meeting of the Shades
at one o'clock
in No. 1 Room.

Business—to elect a new president.

N. B.—Only those who have paid their \$2.00 fee can vote.

At one o'clock sharp, the shades began to arrive, and in a short time there was a larger attendance than there was even at the election of delegates to the dinners and conversats. President Colin Clout was just going to begin when a row was heard at the back of the room, and Guy Fawkes shouted out that he would smash Arthur Wellesley, and was preparing to do so when the President instructed Cyrus, who knew something about policeman's work, to quell the disturbance. He went up to Guy and said, "I will put you to sleep if this noise does not stop," but Guy answered: "Let President Colin Clout read an extract from his 'Faery Queene' that will do as well. Of course, after this, Almighty Voice and Robert the Elder rolled up their vapor sleeves and ejected him from the meeting. While all this was going on, a quiet confab was being held by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and these were soon joined by Samuel. They wanted to form a family compact to elect one of their members president, but found it hard to agree who was the best, Abraham claiming his superiority on account of age, Jacob on account of youth, while Isaac thought that a medium would be best. Finally, Abraham was chosen as nominee, because Isaac from experience thought Jacob too tricky and too lawyer-like.

Just then, Pres. Colin Clout rose up and announced the reason for the meeting. A ladies club was going to be formed, and he had been invited to

preside at its first meeting. With tears in his voice he was expressing his grief at leaving them, and the fear that he might not return when Lord Cochrane and Henry VIII like noble heroes offered to go in his place, and Farmer Appleton also expressed his willingness to go, but all their offers were refused. We then called for nominations, and Isaac nominated Abraham. "Tell them I am well suited to the position, because I was the head of a great people," said Abraham in a stage whisper. "O, that is not so much," answered George Washington, "I am the father of my country myself; besides, I never told a lie, so I am a still better man." "Humph," said Jacob, "You'd be lost on the presidency, we'll make you reporter;" "Hold on there," said Cyrus, "I think I ought to get the support of the patriarchs; I helped their people once;" "O, you have a job already," said Horatius, "I think I'm the man you should remember; I'm the only Roman in the Club." "We don't want any fellows who would hit their sisters to rule us," said St. Lawrence; "I ain't that Horatius," he answered hotly, "I'm the one that kept the bridge." "Indeed," said Sir Philip Sidney, "Then when the styx gets frozen, we will let you keep goal for our hockey team"; Haw, haw, haw. "Don't laugh like that" said Colin Clout, "or they will never believe that you are the noblest gentleman of your age." "Huh, Almighty Voice, good man," hundered forth that Shade, "Last year him good; now Medicine man too." Then spoke up James I. saying, "I'm a Medicine man, myself, and also a friend of Horatius; still I must nominate Charles I." "Here, here" answered Charles I. "I second that nomination." "That is not legal, Mr. President," said Edward I., "I am president of the Historical Club and ought to know what's right." "I protest, Mr. President," answered Charles I., "this is perfectly straight, I would never, never go around the bush to gain any question. You must agree with me or you are prejudiced," isn't that so, pa. "Hush, my son, hush," said his father. "I thought that after that little trouble you had on earth, you would be more careful about losing your head now." "*Voyons*" said Napoleon, "Why not elect me; under my leadership you will always win; I am never defeated," "Waterloo" said Arthur Wellesley. "What?" said Napoleon, "do you dare." "Trafalgar," chirped up Lord Cochrane. "Ah," answered the injured general, "If I only had 100,000 men to help me, wouldn't I teach you, but *allons*, I am Reporter, I will be revenged." "Order, gentlemen, order," said the President. "We must get down to business, or we will never"—Suddenly there was a bang, a crash, flames burst out, shades blew up in the air in every direction and mingled with it, and the voice of Guy Fawkes rang out: "You would put me out of the meeting, would you;" but the powder went off this time all right.

WORDS WE HAVE HEARD BEFORE.

"Where's your goon, you can't come here without a goon."

"See First Year Notes."

"*Taisez vous là. Etes-vous malade?*"

"Don't talk please. Keep your silly feet quiet."

"*Allons, prenez quelques notes.*"

"Will you write out that sentence, it is quite easy."

"Before commencing the lecture, gentlemen, I would like to tell you a *bon mot* in connection with this part of our work."

"Pray do not for a moment imagine that these are my sentiments."

"Quite right ! Quite right !"

"Any examples, to-day" ?

"Is that clear, gentlemen" ?

SECOND YEAR.

For the last time your scribe takes his pen in hand to make known to the world the mighty deeds of 1901. No more shall we as a Class in mighty phalanx charge down upon terrified masses of Freshmen and drive them, "scared like fawns," in deadly terror before us, while dons and seniors gage with awe and admiration on our irresistible might. The joys and pleasures of our Sophomore year are soon to come to an end, and the awful spectre of the Intermediate exam. looms up before us like a dread spectre bidding us cram as we never did before. Let us hope that all will survive the ordeal and be in the ranks of 1901 again next term.

The Ordinary Section are indeed a merry lot. The latest trick was to put one of their number out of the window into a huge snow-bank, thus interrupting his conversation with one of the fair sex.

The record for French since Christmas is seventeen absent marks out of nineteen possible.

In last week's OUTLOOK our brother scribe disputed the claim of our Year to the hockey championship, claiming that 1900 had not defaulted to the First Year. Of course, if the latter fact were true, our claim would indeed be disputable. The information he has received on this score is, however, incorrect, as the captain of the First Year team is authority for the statement that, though the Freshmen were very eager to play, the Third Year men positively refused, thus forfeiting their claim to the title.

We are sorry the misunderstanding occurred, as we wish the year to end in peace.

FIRST YEAR.

In his closing lecture to our Year, Mr. Archibald referred to the disadvantages he had been under in preparing his course of lectures, and the pleasure he had had in his course with us. For our part it is no exaggeration to say that all of us who enjoy the study of English appreciate the value of Mr. Archibald's instruction, and have found his lectures alike pleasant and profitable. And, remembering this fact and the lecturer's cheerful willingness to assist us individually and as a class, we will not be at all sorry if Mr. Archibald meets us again during our course in Arts.

So this is the closing number of the OUTLOOK ! Your scribe writes his last report with a shall-we-meet-beyond-the-river feeling as he thinks of the exams which will have come down upon us before

another issue appears. But for the present, 1902, let him respectfully apologize for his shortcomings as your Reporter. We hope especially that in our reference to our classmates we have never given offence or said anything too personal in its nature. If any one has been hurt we frankly apologize and assure him that the thrust was only intended to be skin deep, and we're very sorry if it went through a tender spot in his enticle.

No man knoweth what a summer vacation will bring forth. Signor Satano will possibly turn up next September with an Exhibition and a who'd-ha-thunk-it expression on his sweet face. We hope Munn will sufficiently appreciate the dignity of being a Sophomore to get those abbreviated inexpressibles stretched, Schrag may have a beard, Jack a new smile and four hundred "Corking questions for Lecturers," MacDougall will talk football till he has pig skin on the brain, Andrews will have completed his explorations of Westmount, and Wotherspoon will carry into practice theories of strategy in the library, carefully thought out during the dog days. And it goes without saying that the unfortunates of 1903 will be fearfully and wonderfully hustled. We handled '01 pretty badly, but '03—!

So we can go back to our Sabine farms and hoe beans with a peaceful sense of satisfaction. Other years may be—doubtless are—passing fair. But the pæan which makes the wondering hosts sit up, the talisman which revives the drooping spirits of a discouraged faculty, and the strain which makes the gentle hearts in the east wing twinkle with emotion is

Artes, artes, Scis Yak Hi !
Nought-two nought-two CII.

Amen.

MEDICINE.

FOURTH YEAR.

Finale of the Moustache Society.

The phenomenal success which has attended this organization—the most potent in our midst for good—is due to one nan above all others, and he is none other than our worthy President, B—w—s. Accordingly, at the last meeting which took the form of a Banquet, tendered the President by his grateful subordinates, there were present a large gathering and an immense amount of genuine enthusiasm.

After an abnormal and long-sustained course of guzzling, gorging and gourmandising had been dispensed with, at the head of which processes Cr—g and "the boy Walter" occupied their accustomed places, the Chairman called the meeting to order.

The following toasts were then drunk :

The "Queen," proposed by Laryngismus Gaseous Cameron and responded to by Gee Whittakers Woodley.

"Our President" proposed by Fandangled Jumbletached Nicholson.

The President replied in felicitous tones with a brazen echo ; much did he try to conceal his modesty

which crept out in spite of him through the chinks of the anterior fontanelle, from the seething anfractuositities of his Psychical Area. He was overpowered both by the kindness of his friends and the odour of the Moselles, Hocks, Madeiras and Bordeaux which were before him. He reviewed his career of 4 years of virtue (cries of nit! nit!) maintained against the scoffing of an unmannered mob and the jeers of an unreasonable and prejudiced public, and, in spite of the abuse of the Red-Tie Element, the married men and others whose brains are so cramped by prejudices that they see good only in themselves (loud applause).

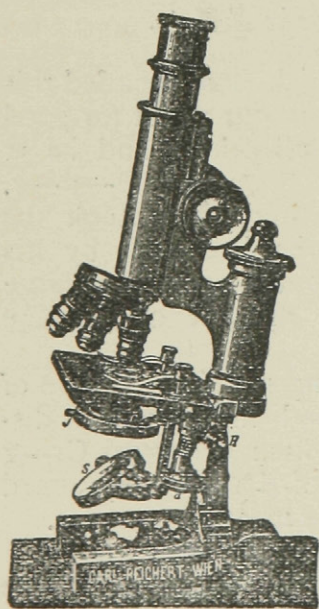
The conducting of the Moustache Society had been one of the greatest pleasures of his life. There was no man in the world more deserving of sympathy than a struggling medical student surrounded with difficulties on all sides and endeavouring against heavy odds to grow a 'tache. (Cries of hear! hear!)

The Society had done an immense amount of good in inciting discouraged youths known to us all to do better and avoid the snags and pitfalls of a great city. How much better such youths as Cuz—r, R—ss, Fitz—d would be, not to speak of men so far removed from the narrow path as L—w, Mc—N—ce, Sh—re, T—ke and W—kins had they early learned the advantages of a 'tache and its consequent benefits socially and morally. Where was the man or woman that did not respect a 'tache? We are not all equally gifted as to colors; and some men have such a delicate silken texture combined with such a unique shade of red that success in love matters (cries of naughty! naughty!) is theirs from the outset. Witness the number of married men in our midst; few years in medicine have shown the courage of their convictions in love matters as triumph-

antly as was lately done by one of our honored members. There is one man for whom I feel sorry said the President, and all eyes fell upon the Class Reporter. "Never in the history of a College Journal has more cheap notoriety and unwholesome abuse been levelled at one man than upon this unfortunate. Yet he seems to thrive upon it. I can honestly say that if his pen has at times slipped too near home to satisfy the overbearing nothingness of two or three trouble-making, lugubrious demagogues, who delight to parade their ignorance as well as their pomposity by taking umbrage at a joke, that the Class Reporter's heart is all right. There are always a few people looking for trouble in this world. Fortunately, 95% of us know a joke from an insult." (Cries of time! from Cr—g interrupted the speaker at this point, and that sleek and well-nourished individual was observed to mention something about a "story," but noticing that the President's pupils were contracted to pin-points and his alae nasi dilated, he subsided meekly). The Chairman concluded by hoping that in years to come those who helped to make the Society great would enjoy the same luxuriant growth as at present—thanks to official secrets and cosmetics known only to us; that they would strive to enlarge their sphere of action and grow "siders" and whiskers, and in a triumphant peroration he tendered his thanks to those present for the honor they had done him.

As the wine had long since been exhausted and the lights accidentally turned out by Fitz—d while hunting for his gloves, the meeting hurriedly adjourned indefinitely without the usual Benediction.

Here endeth the account of the Moustache Society proceedings for 1899.



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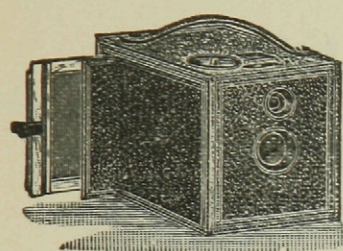
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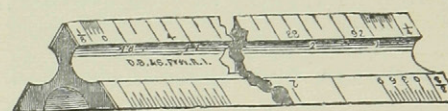
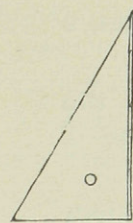
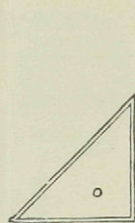
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WHEN COLLEGE CLOSES

FIGURES FOR THE YEAR.

Some very curious mathematical facts can be gathered from a study of figures contained in 1899. It seems that this year contains the number 9 in a great many combinations, several of which are pointed out as follows.

Add the first two figures, and the sum equals each of the last two figures—1 plus 8 equals 9.

Add the last two figures, and the sum equals the first two figures—9 plus 9 equals 18.

Add the first three figures, and the sum equals the first two figures—1 plus 8 plus 9 equals 18.

Add the first, second, and fourth figures, and the sum equals the first two figures—1 plus 8 plus 9 equals 18.

Add all four figures, and they make a multiple of each of the last two figures—1 plus 8 plus 9 plus 9 equals 27.

Subtract the first figure from each of the last two figures, and the remainder represents the second figure—9 minus 1 equals 8.

Subtract the second figure from each of the last two figures, and the remainder represents the first figure—9 minus 8 equals 1.

Subtract either of the last two figures from the first two figures, and the remainder equals either of the last two figures—18 minus 9 equals 9.

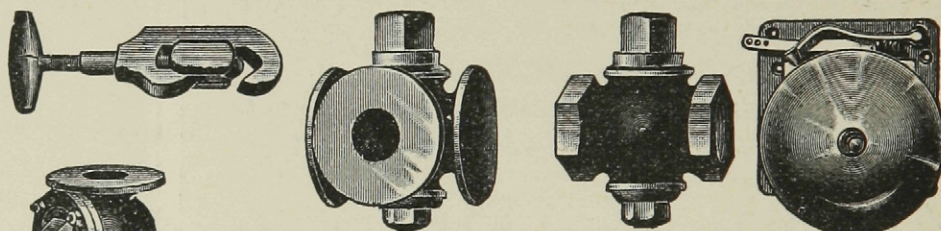
Subtract the first two figures from the last two figures, and the remainder represents the first two figures reversed—99 minus 18 equals 81.

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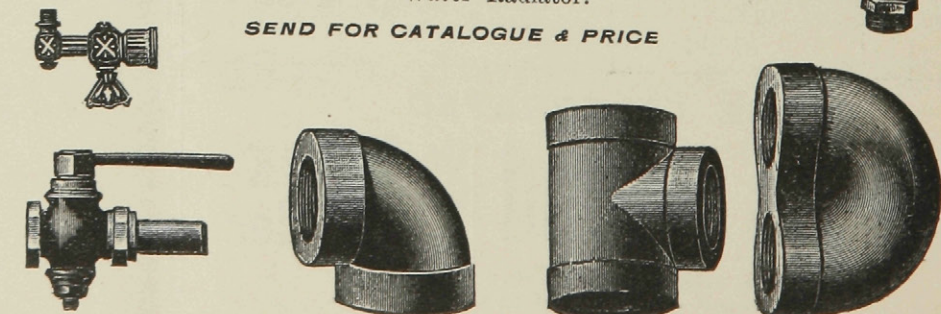
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Reference: The McGill Faculty. 1

Multiply the last two figures, and the result represents the first two figures reversed—9 times 9 equals 81.

Multiply the last three figures, add the result, and the sum represents the first two figures—9 times 9 time 8 equals 648; 6 plus 4 plus 8 equals 18.

Multiply the last two figures by the first two figures, add the result, and the sum represents the first two figures—99 times 18 equals 1,782; 1 plus 7 plus 8 plus 2 equals 18.

Multiply the last two figures by the second figure, add the result, and the sum represents the first two figures—99 times 8 equals 792; 7 plus 9 plus 2 equals 18.

Multiply the last two figures, and to the result add the first two figures, and the total represents the last two figures—9 times 9 equals 81; 81 plus 18 equals 99.

Multiply the third figure by the second figure, add the first figure, multiply the sum by the fourth figure, add the result, and the total represents the first two figures—9 times 8 equals 72; 72 plus 1 equals 73; 73 times 9 equals 657; 6 plus 5 plus 7 equals 18.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

They were discussing their various discoveries of lost property, a not infrequent subject of gossip amongst talkers.

Twemlow gave a graphic account of his discovery of a valuable signet-ring on a racecourse; Wrayburn narrated the particulars of his famous find of a packet of securities, for which he had received a reward of twenty pounds on returning them to the owner. Then Lightwood took up the parable.

"As for me," he said, "I have never discovered anything of more value than a guinea; that is to say, about six weeks ago I picked up a Portsea purse outside a stationer's shop. It contained a sovereign and a sixpence. There was nothing to show whom it belonged to, so I celebrated my discovery by treating myself to a stall at the theatre and an oyster supper afterwards." And he chuckled delightedly.

There was a momentary silence, and then Riderhood remarked, quietly:

"I think you have omitted one or two trivial details. You did not mention that the purse contained a postage stamp, and that the sixpence was a lion sixpence with a hole in it. It not that so?"

Lightwood started in surprise. "By Jove, yes! But how the dickens did you know?"

"Simply enough," replied Riderhood; "it was *my* purse. I dropped it, as I have good reason to believe, outside Boffin's the stationer's after buying a newspaper. That's where you found it, isn't it?"

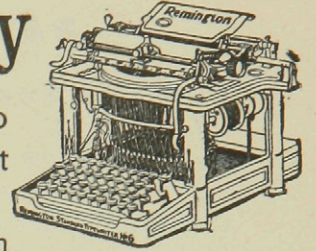
"Yes," said Lightwood, ruefully.

"Well," said Riderhood, "we'll say nothing about the purse, the sixpence and the stamp. You can keep those for your honesty! But I'll trouble you for the sovereign."

Very sorrowfully, and amid the laughter of his companions, Lightwood handed over the required sum. This time Riderhood did all the chuckling.

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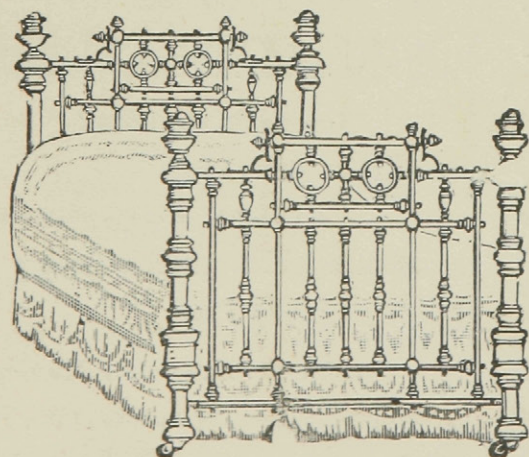
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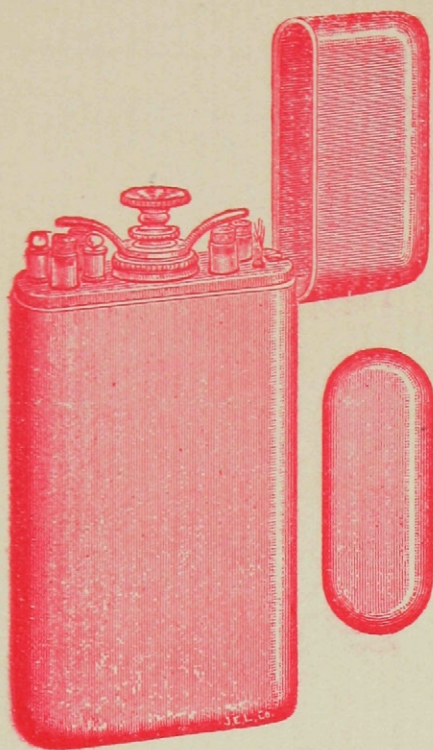
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